Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heate the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I wil marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon.
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrell?
Tir. I ames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?

Tir.

Tir. Proue me my gra
King. Darst thou reso
Tir. I my Lord, but I h
King. Why there thou
Foes to my rest, and my sw
Are they that I would ha
Tirrel, I meane those bast
Tir. Let me haue oper
And soone Ile rid you fro
King. Thou singst swe
Go by that token, rise and
Tis no more but so, say it i
And I will loue thee, and
Tir. Tis done my gra
King. Shall we heare f

Enter

Tir. Ye shall my Lord
Buc. My Lord, I haue
The late demaund that yo
King. Well, let that pa
Buc. I heare that newe
King. *Stanly* he is you
Buc. My Lord, I clain
For which your honor an
The Eatledome of Herfo
The which you promised
King. *Stanly* looke to y
Letters to Richmond you
Buc. What sayes your
King. As I remember,
Did prophesie that Richm
When Richmond was a li
A king perhaps, perhaps.
King. How chance th
Haue told me, I being by,
Buck. My Lord, your
King. Richmond, wh
The Maior in curtesie she

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